

Caroline Herring "Tales Of The Islander"

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Tales of the islander
Tales of you and me
Floating on our raft
Down the Mother Mississippi
Caught myself a fever
Took a hospital stay
Tied some sheets together
Crawled down and was on my way
I was on my way

Let's take to the water
Let our bodies roam free
No more taste or smell
No hear nor see
Then greet the morning star
As we dance along the beach
Embrace this mighty sunrise
As the cranes fly to meet it
Cranes rise to meet it

Birds call to me
They call
They call to me
They call so deep
Got to feel it all
No time for sleep
No time at all
When they call
They call to me
They call so deep
Got to feel it all
No time for sleep
No time at all

We found a paradise
And it's own garden gate
Adam in a hat on a rowboat
Phosphorescence in the wake
The squall has passed
And we're tied to the decay
One day may the hurricanes come
And carry us away

Carry us away

Waves call to me
They call
They call to me
They call so deep
Got to feel it all
No time for sleep
No time at all
When they call
They call to me
They call so deep
Got to feel it all
No time for sleep
No time at all

Give me a sunset
Of lilac, gold and green gray skies
I'll give you spirals and zig zag lines
It's the magic hour of a halcyon day
And all of mankind stands there
Barely awake

A full moon rising
On all of nature's powers
Stars just observers
Of zinnias and moonflowers
We could bathe in the nullah of a gulf stream
Prowl like cats in the night
Then transform like moths
In a chrysalis of light
Chrysalis of light

Moths call to me
They call
They call to me
They call so deep
Got to feel it all
No time for sleep
No time at all
When they call
They call to me
They call so deep
Got to feel it all
No time for sleep
No time at all
When they call
When they call

